

Bubbles & Eggs

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

drawings by J. Fowler.

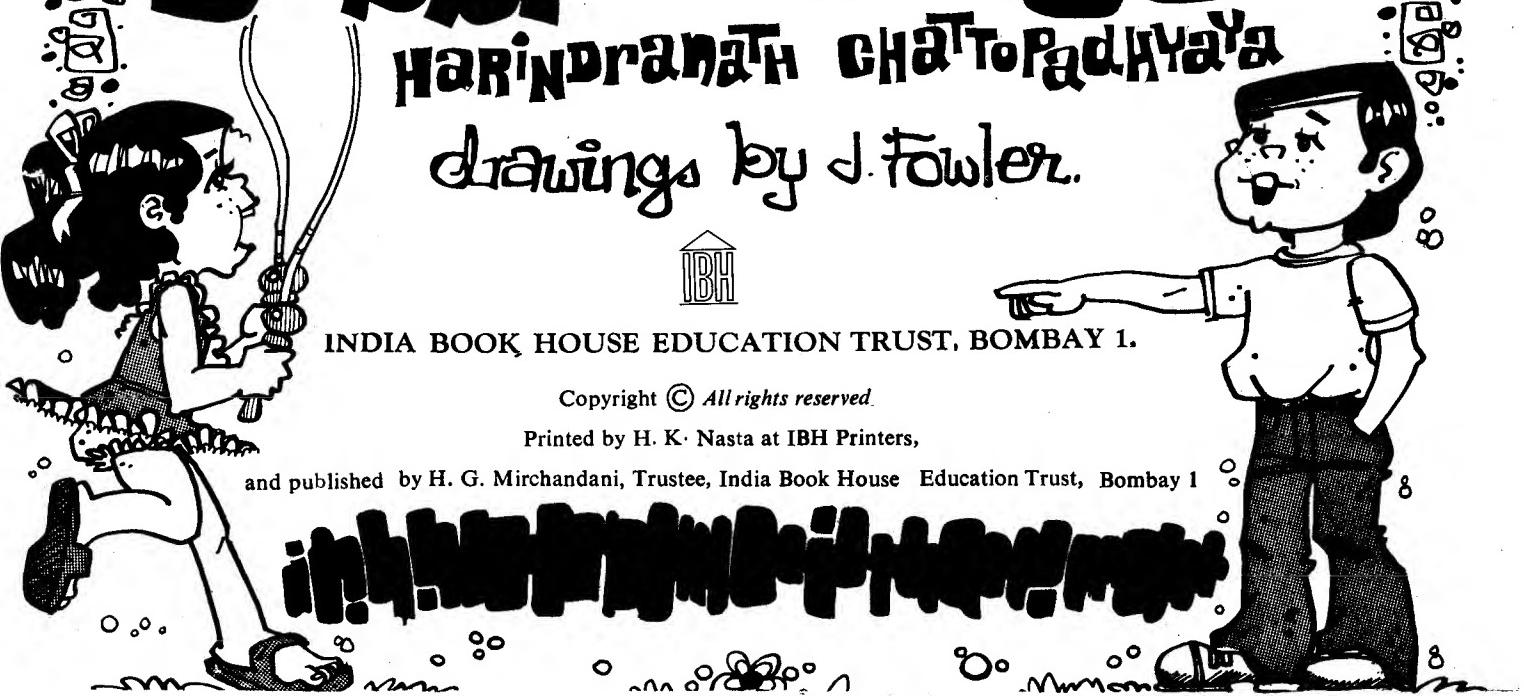


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$$\begin{array}{r} +2 \\ \hline 5x \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{r} +3 \\ +4 \\ \hline 6x \end{array}$$



Paper kite

I bought a pretty paper kite
And flew it yesterday,
But then, you know, the branches of
A tree came in the way.

And while I tried to fly it high
Through some unhappy luck,
There in the branches of the tree,
My paper kite got stuck.

And like that helpless paper kite
I find I also stick
Quite often in the branches of
Simple arithmetic!

NATURE

There is magic everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
In the water, in the sky,
There and here and here and there:
There is magic everywhere
Waiting to enchant the eye!

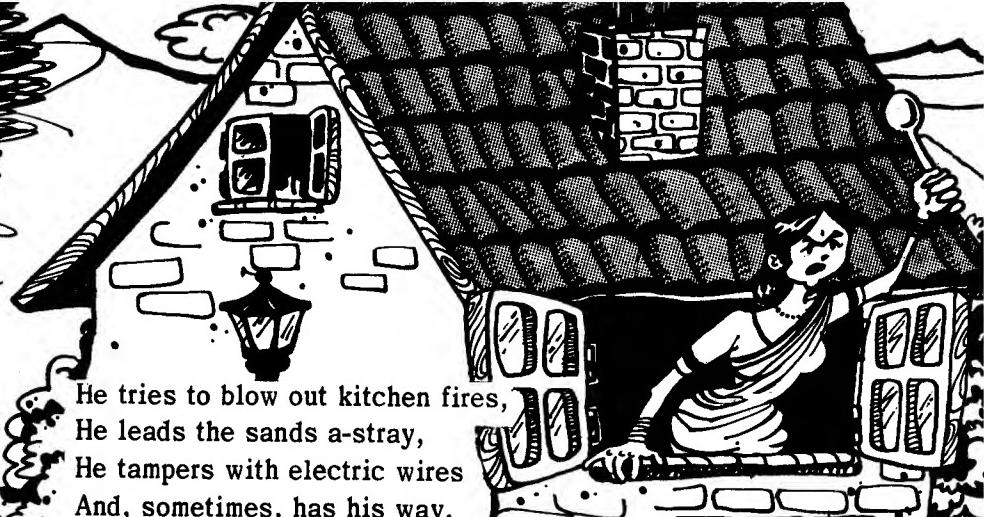
Nature toils for hours on hours,
You have only got to see
How the busy purple bee
Buzzing wild in scented bowers
Gathers honey from sweet flowers.

Nature draws us, one and all,
To her Entertainment Hall,
Where a thousand shapes perform
Time's delightful pantomime,
Clad in colours cool or warm.

Taking all of us by storm,
Every moment, every time!

Watch with wonder in your eyes
The performance going on
Noon and dusk and night and dawn:
Slowly we will realise
Beauty with her magic pull
Draws us to herself and starts
Exquisitely beautiful
Love of Nature in our hearts.





The wind, he is a naughty chap,
Who whistles far and loud:
Today he wears a patchwork cap
Of ragged rainy cloud.

He wanders here, he wanders there,
With mischief in his mirth,
He does not care, he does not care
For anyone on earth!

the Wind.

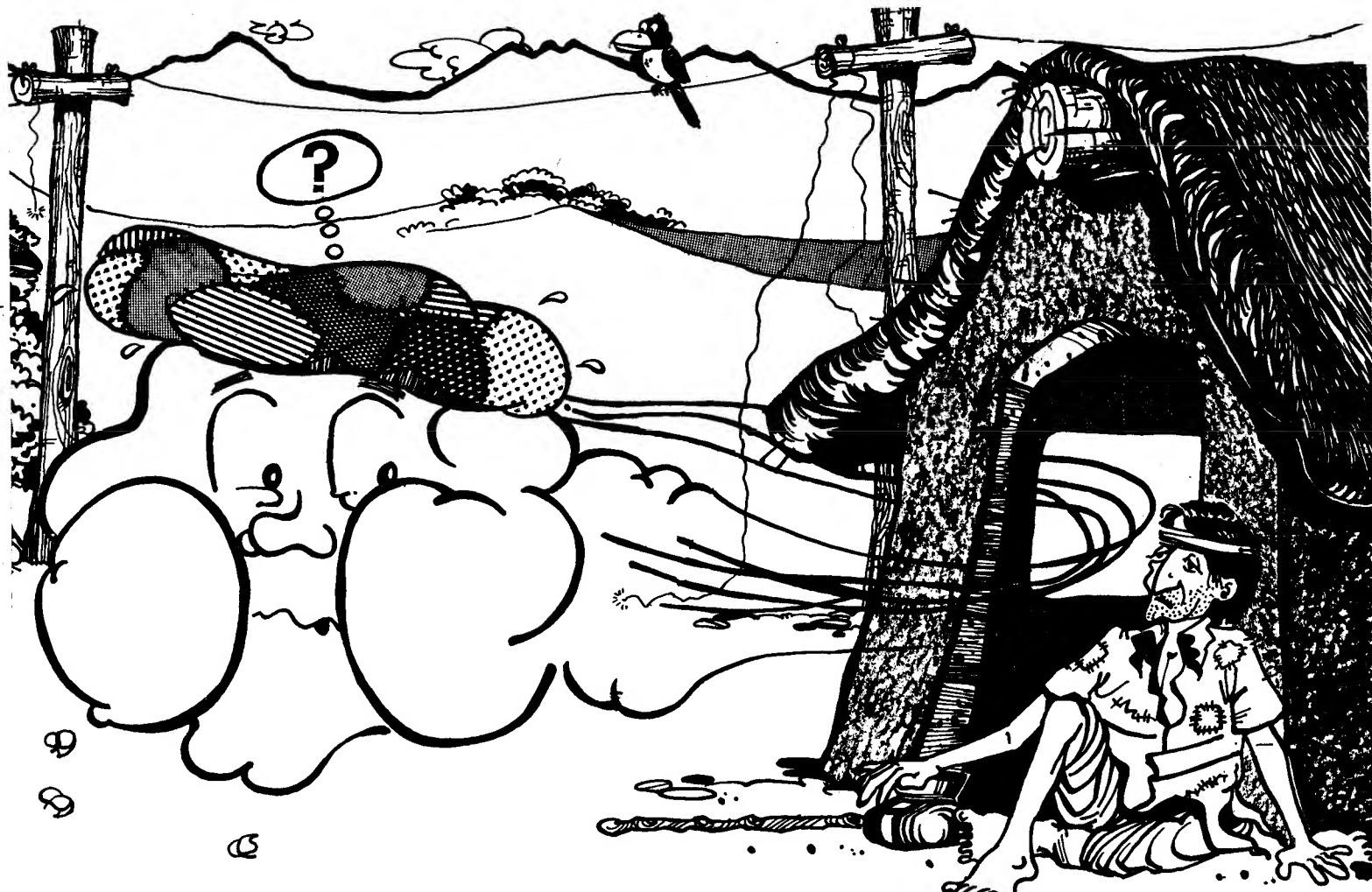
He tries to blow out kitchen fires,
He leads the sands a-stray,
He tampers with electric wires
And, sometimes, has his way.

The wind who roves from place to place,
Undisciplined, unschooled,
Tonight, at least, shall hide his face:
I saw him being fooled.

He rushed into a beggar's hut,
The vagabonding scamp,
To tamper with his clay-lamp, but
The beggar had no lamp!

Ah fool! You might extinguish then
The very moon and sun,
But not the lamps of beggar-men
Since, most of them have none!





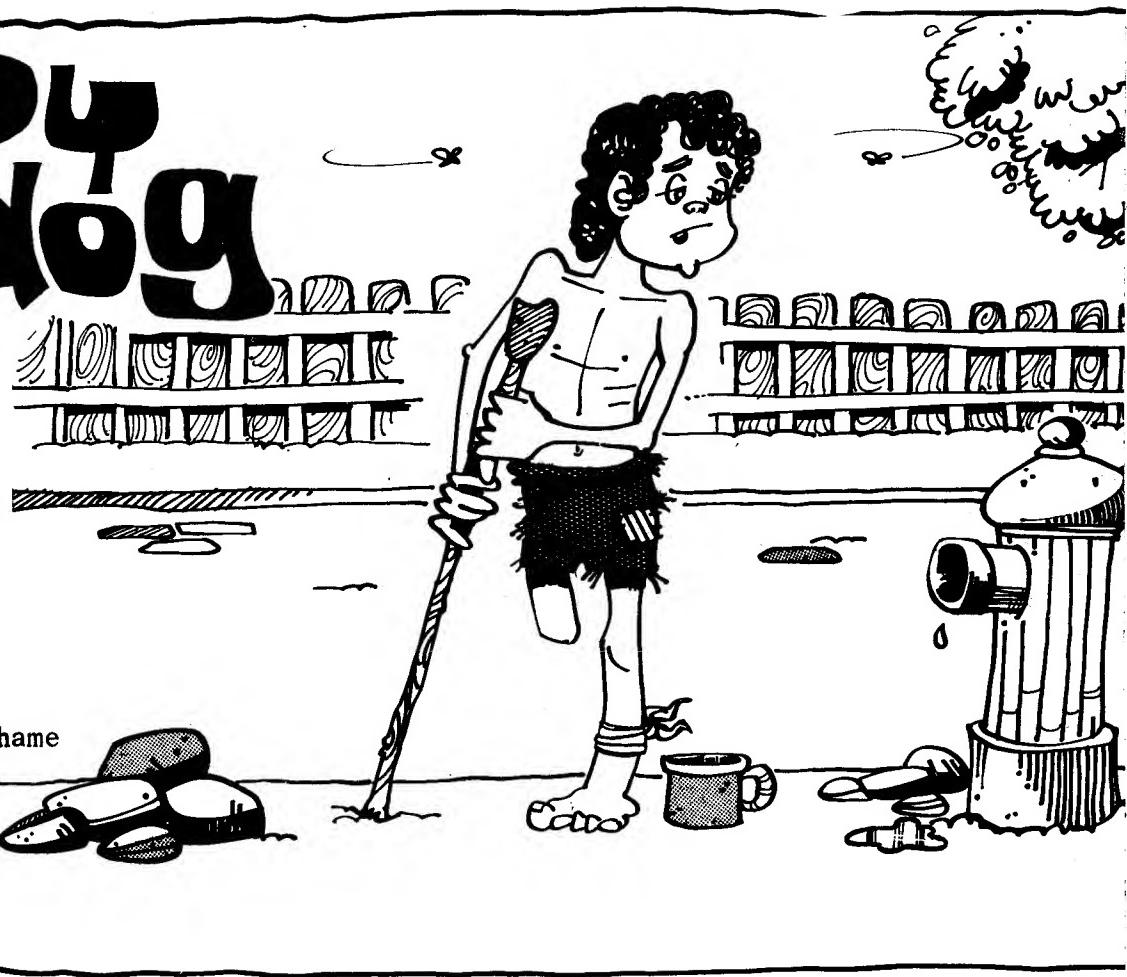
my puppy dog

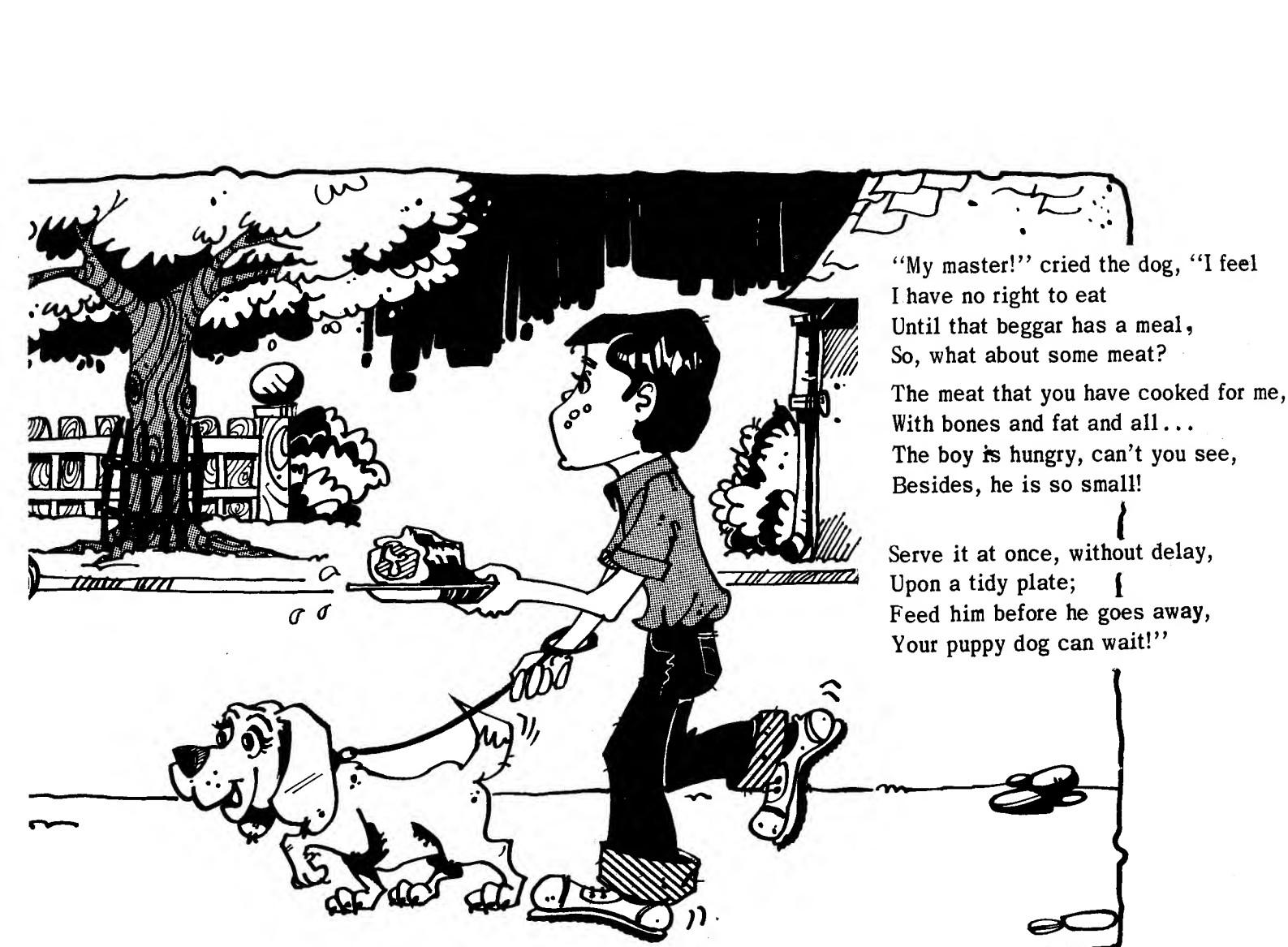
I have a little puppy dog
Who loves his morning walk;
He starts off on a dialogue
Once he begins to talk.

It does not take you very long
To guess that he is wise;
He is unusually strong
For such a pigmy size!

One day a little beggar came
Hobbling upon one leg.

"O!" said the pup, "it is a shame
That people have to beg!"



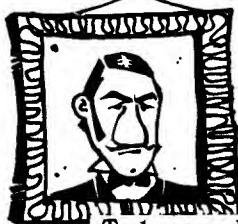


"My master!" cried the dog, "I feel
I have no right to eat
Until that beggar has a meal,
So, what about some meat?"

The meat that you have cooked for me,
With bones and fat and all...
The boy is hungry, can't you see,
Besides, he is so small!"

Serve it at once, without delay,
Upon a tidy plate;
Feed him before he goes away,
Your puppy dog can wait!"'

Daddy spectacles.



Today our Daddy Spectacles
Is very very sad
Since he has lost his spectacles;
The only pair he had!

Without that pair of spectacles
He can't tell A from Z.
So the only thing for him to do
Is to go back to bed!

But that he will not do unless
He finds the precious pair:
Pray! who can tell him where it is,
Say! who can tell him where?

A-hunting for those spectacles
From room to room he goes:
Daddy your pair of spectacles
Is on your very nose!





Song OF THE Wind

The parrot sang:

"I am held in a cage."

The poem sang:

"I am held on a page."

The tear-drop sang:

"I am held in an eye."

The small star sang:

"I am held in the sky."

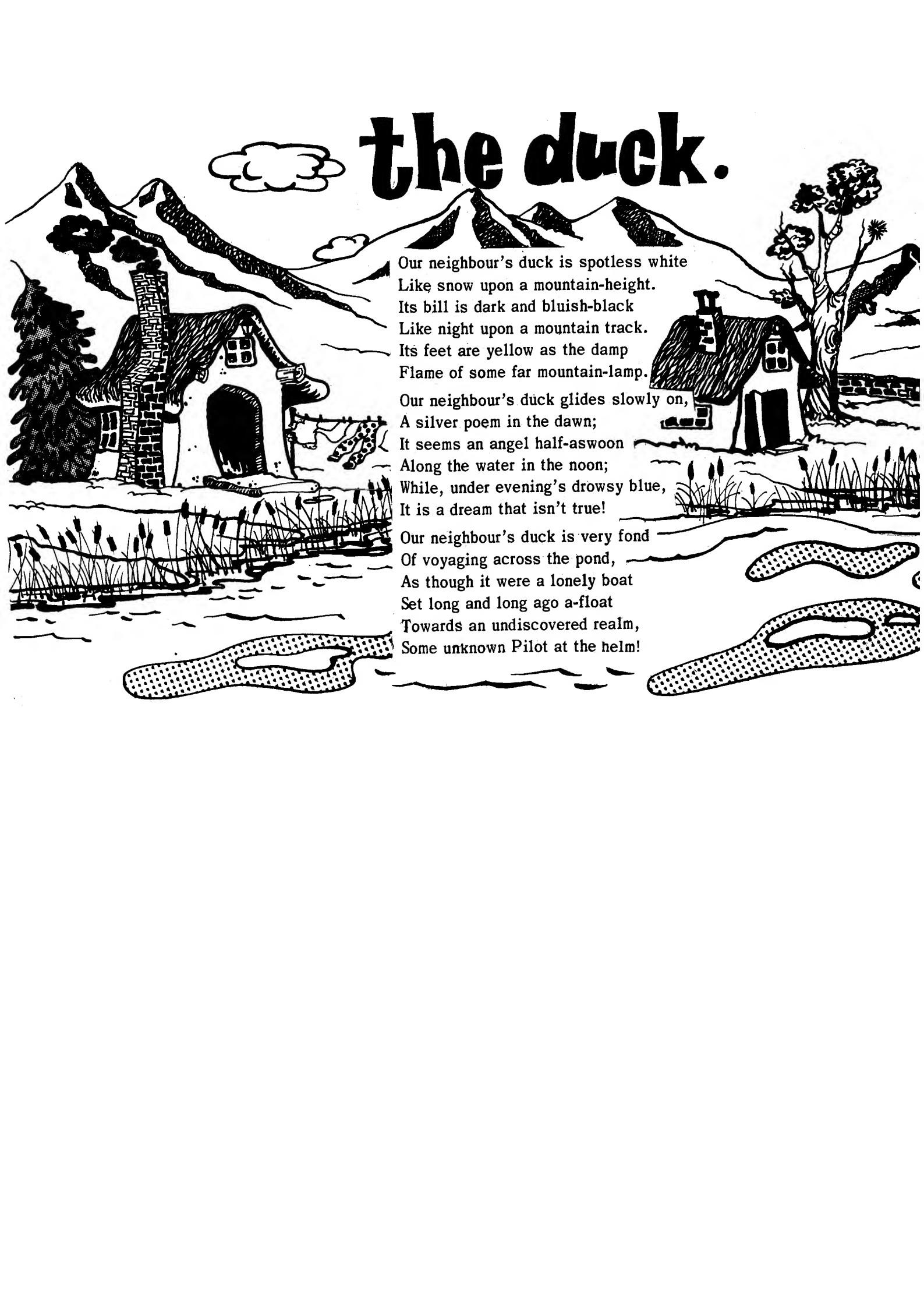
But the wild wind whistled

From tree to tree:

"Whooo! Little schoolboy!

I am free!"

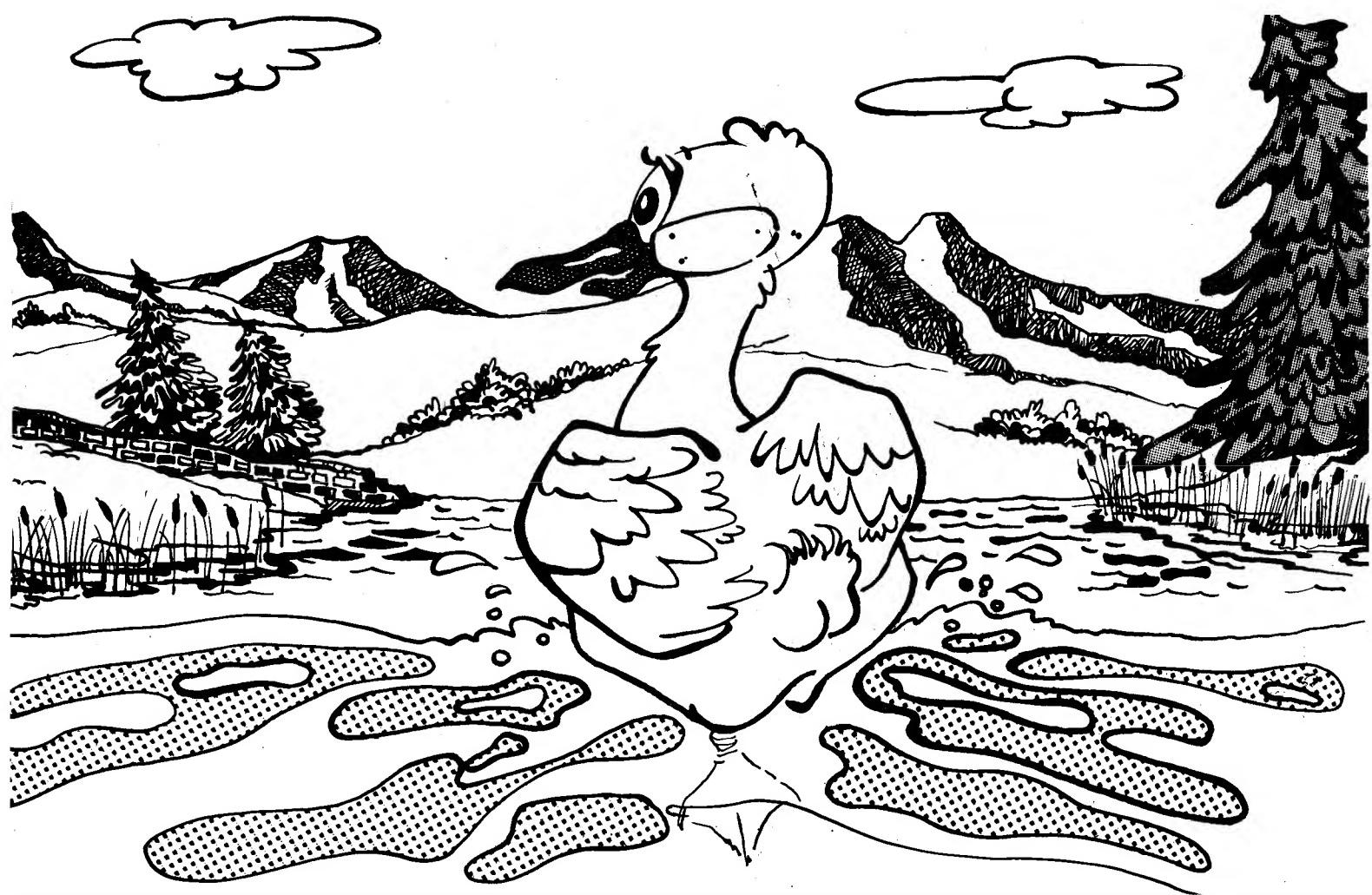
the duck.



Our neighbour's duck is spotless white
Like snow upon a mountain-height.
Its bill is dark and bluish-black
Like night upon a mountain track.
Its feet are yellow as the damp
Flame of some far mountain-lamp.

Our neighbour's duck glides slowly on,
A silver poem in the dawn;
It seems an angel half-aswoon
Along the water in the noon;
While, under evening's drowsy blue,
It is a dream that isn't true!

Our neighbour's duck is very fond
Of voyaging across the pond,
As though it were a lonely boat
Set long and long ago a-float
Towards an undiscovered realm,
Some unknown Pilot at the helm!

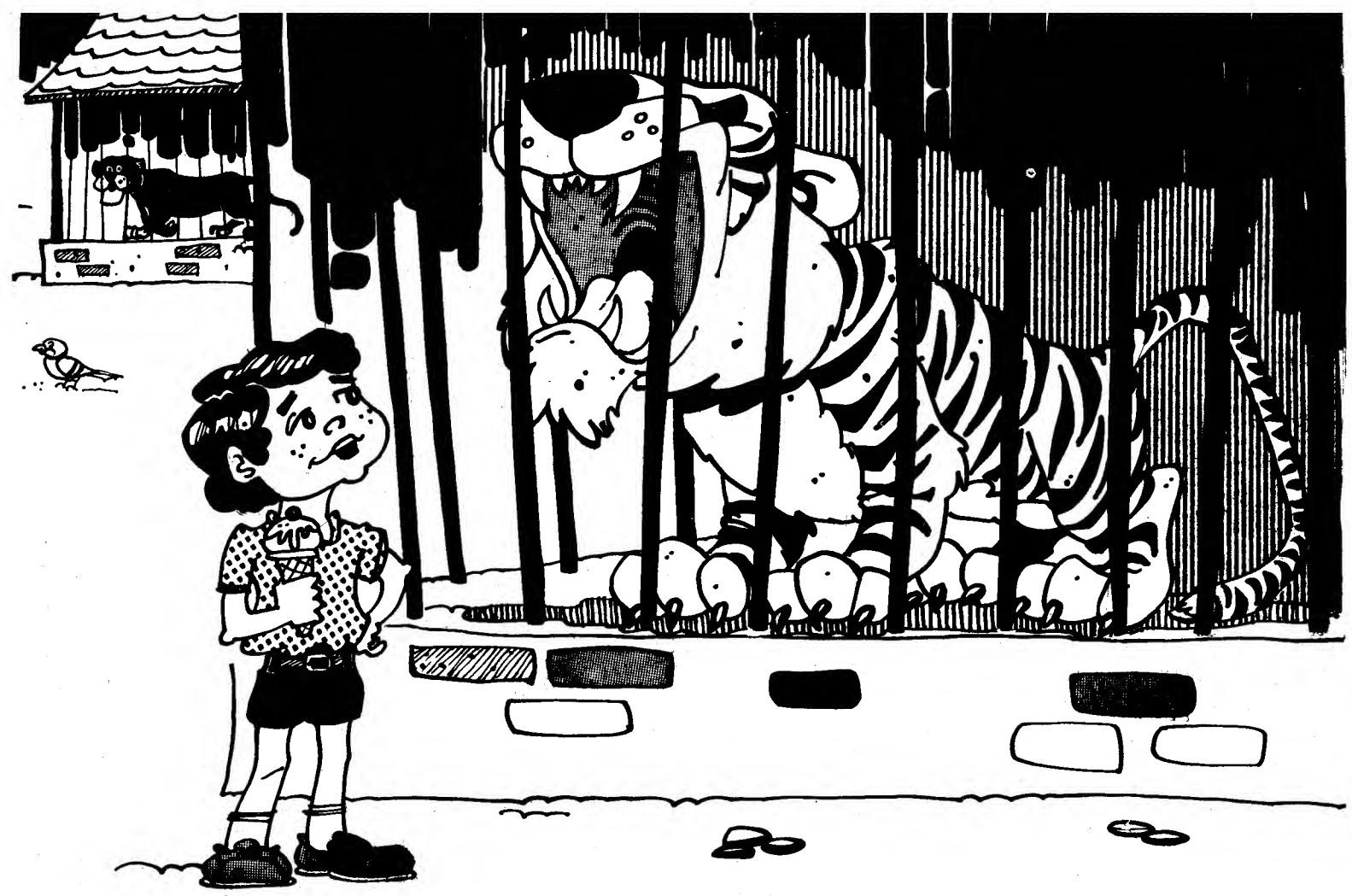




The Hero

I am not afraid of the tiger,
I am seven years of age.
I am not afraid of the tiger,
When it rumbles and roars in a rage.
I am not afraid of the tiger
Provided it is in a CAGE!!!





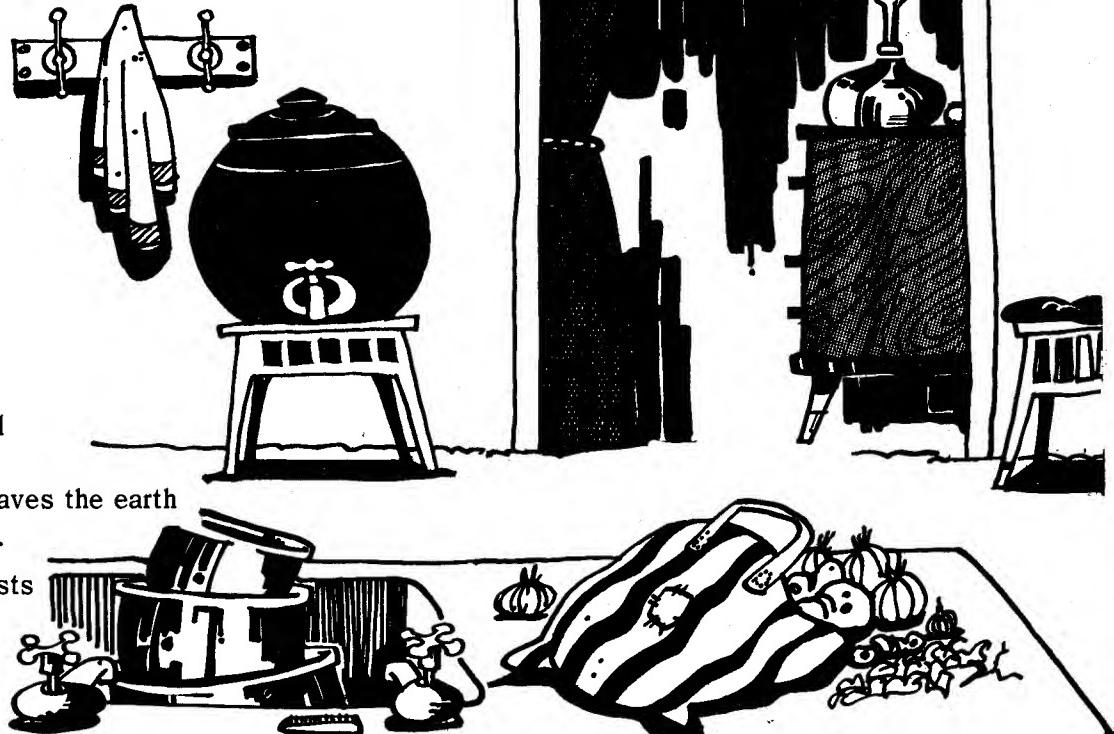
old cook Subamma

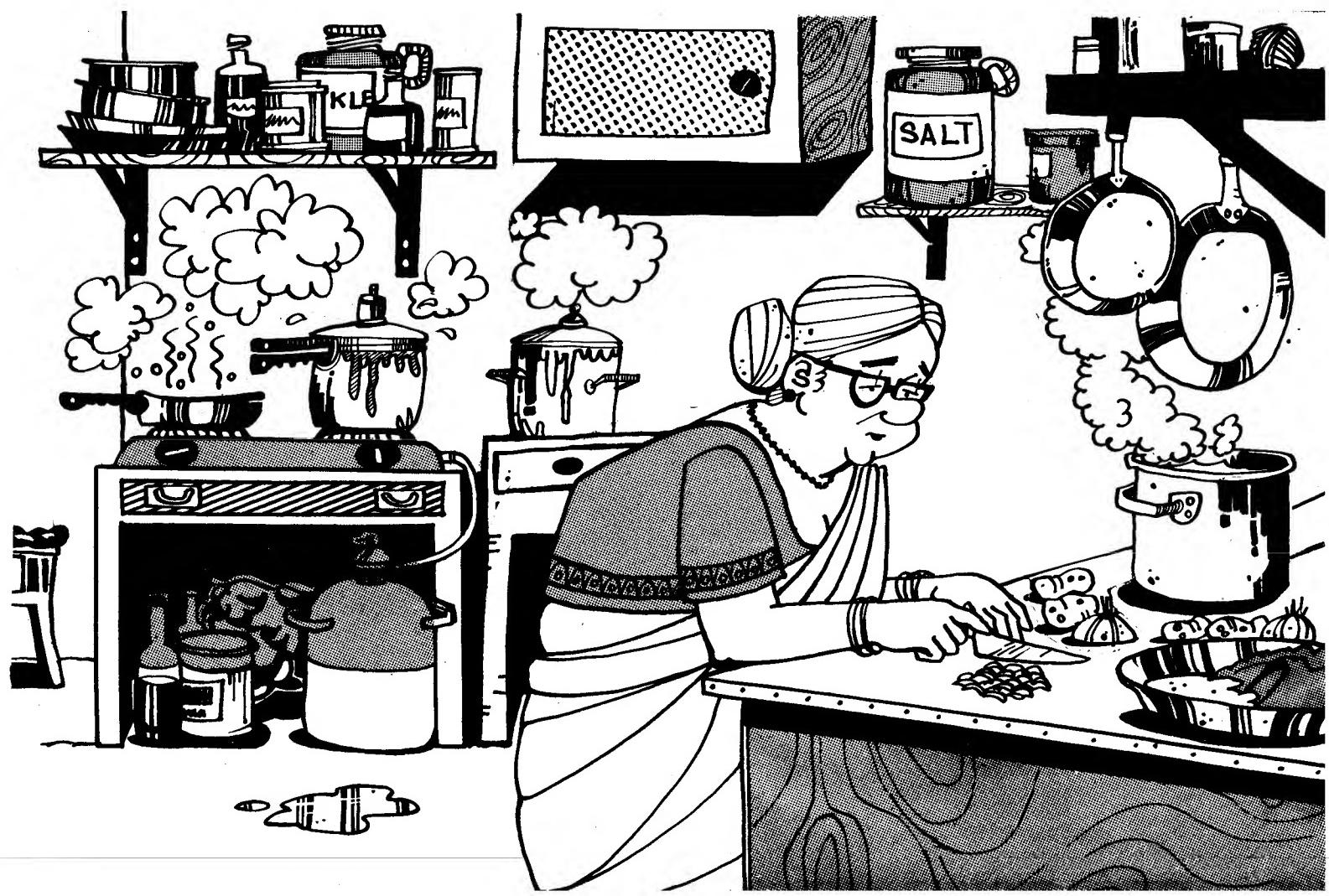
Our Subamma is very old
And has a curious stoop.
She often overboils the rice
And underboils the soup.

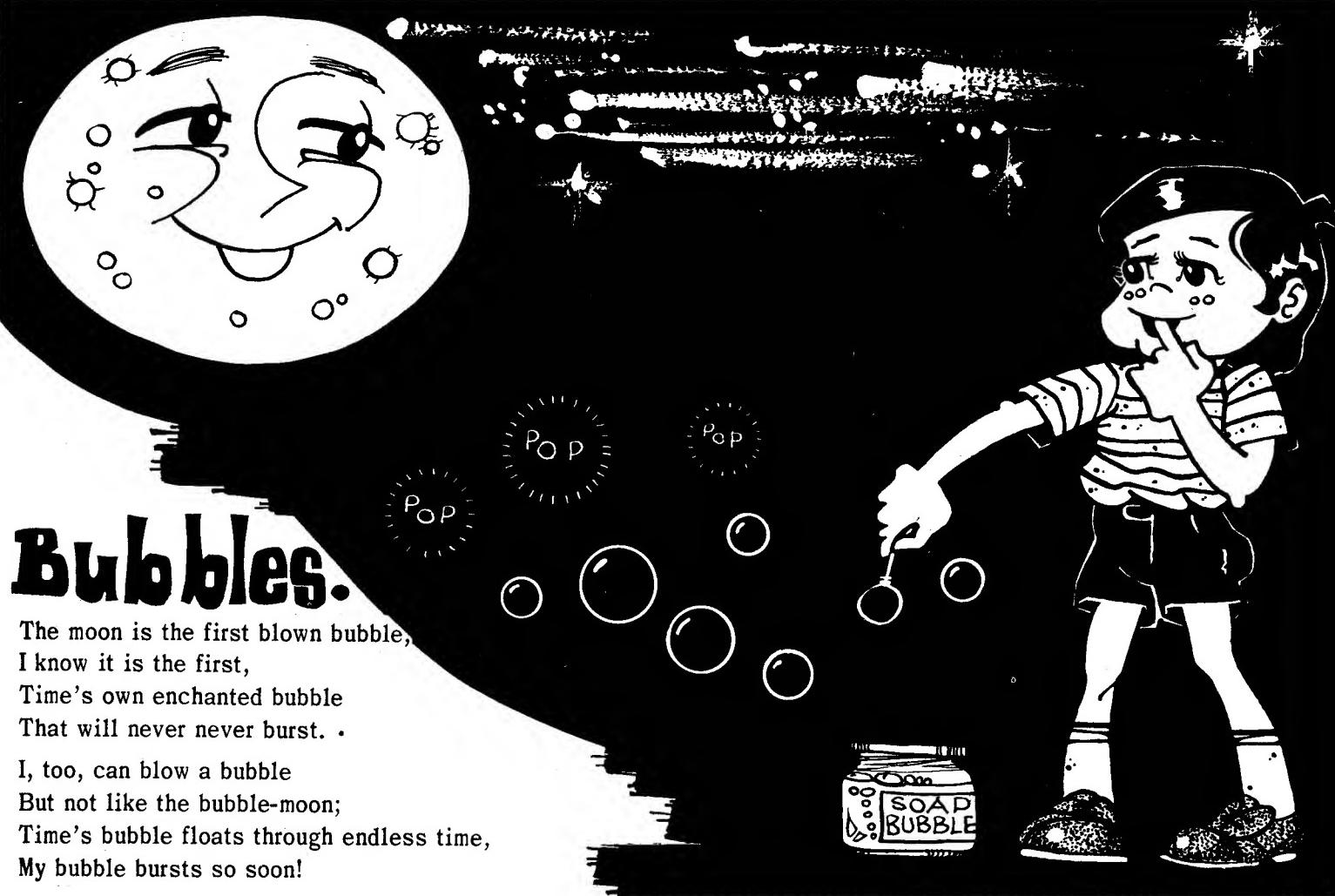
Old Subamma is getting blind,
So, it is not her fault,
If to the cooking pot she adds
A little too much salt!

Poor Subamma works very hard
Though she is seventy-seven,
Which means that when she leaves the earth
She will go straight to heaven.

And there amidst her angel hosts
She will no longer stoop,
No longer overboil the rice
Or underboil the soup!







Bubbles.

The moon is the first blown bubble,
I know it is the first,
Time's own enchanted bubble
That will never never burst. .

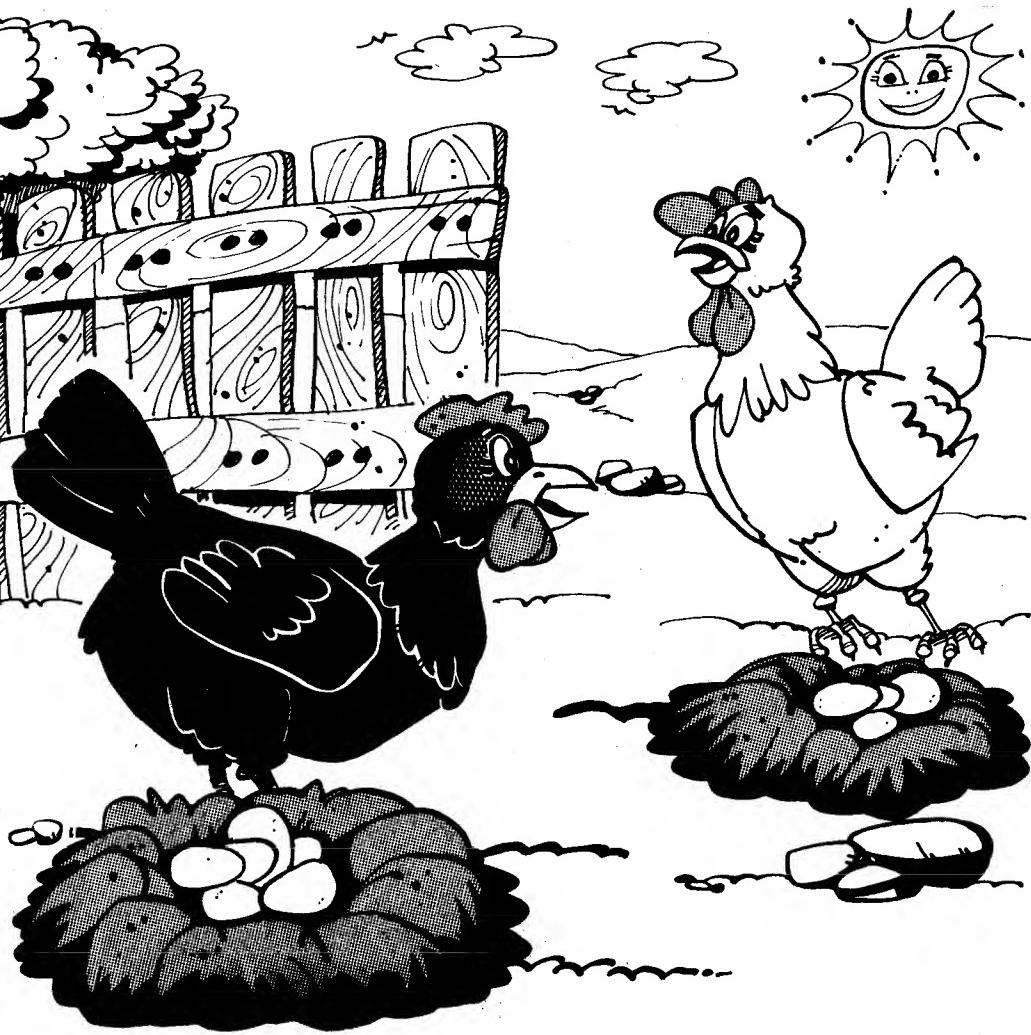
I, too, can blow a bubble
But not like the bubble-moon;
Time's bubble floats through endless time,
My bubble bursts so soon!

EGGS

We have a hen, a glossy hen
And she is black as night:
But then, it makes me wonder why
The eggs she lays are white.

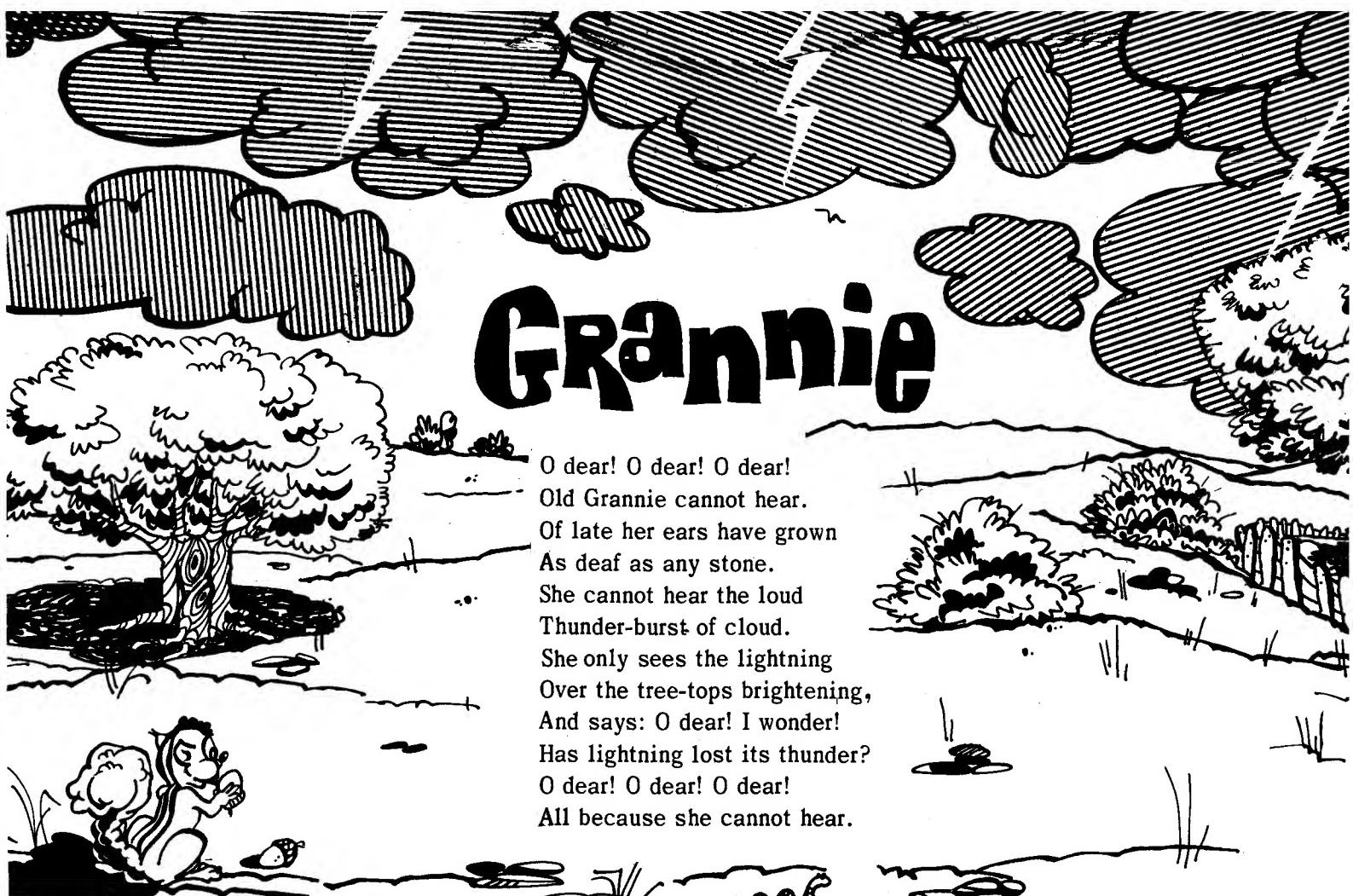
Our neighbour has a hen as well
And she is white as snow:
Now if the black hen's eggs be white,
I would so like to know

Why does our neighbour's mother-hen
That is so glossy-white,
Not think at all of laying eggs
Which are as black as night?



Grannie

O dear! O dear! O dear!
Old Grannie cannot hear.
Of late her ears have grown
As deaf as any stone.
She cannot hear the loud
Thunder-burst of cloud.
She only sees the lightning
Over the tree-tops brightening,
And says: O dear! I wonder!
Has lightning lost its thunder?
O dear! O dear! O dear!
All because she cannot hear.





The Train

In the sunshine, through the rain,
With a bossing giant's style,
Crossing mile on mile on mile
Over hill and over plain,
Over and over,
Over and over,
Over and over and over again!
Steaming, screaming,
Screaming, steaming,
Fretting, fuming,
Fire-consuming,
Rattling goes the Railway Train!

Jook, jook, jook, jook!...
Jook, jook, jook, jook!...

Little wayside stations cry:
Look! The train is passing by!

Look, look, look, look,
Look, look, look, look!...



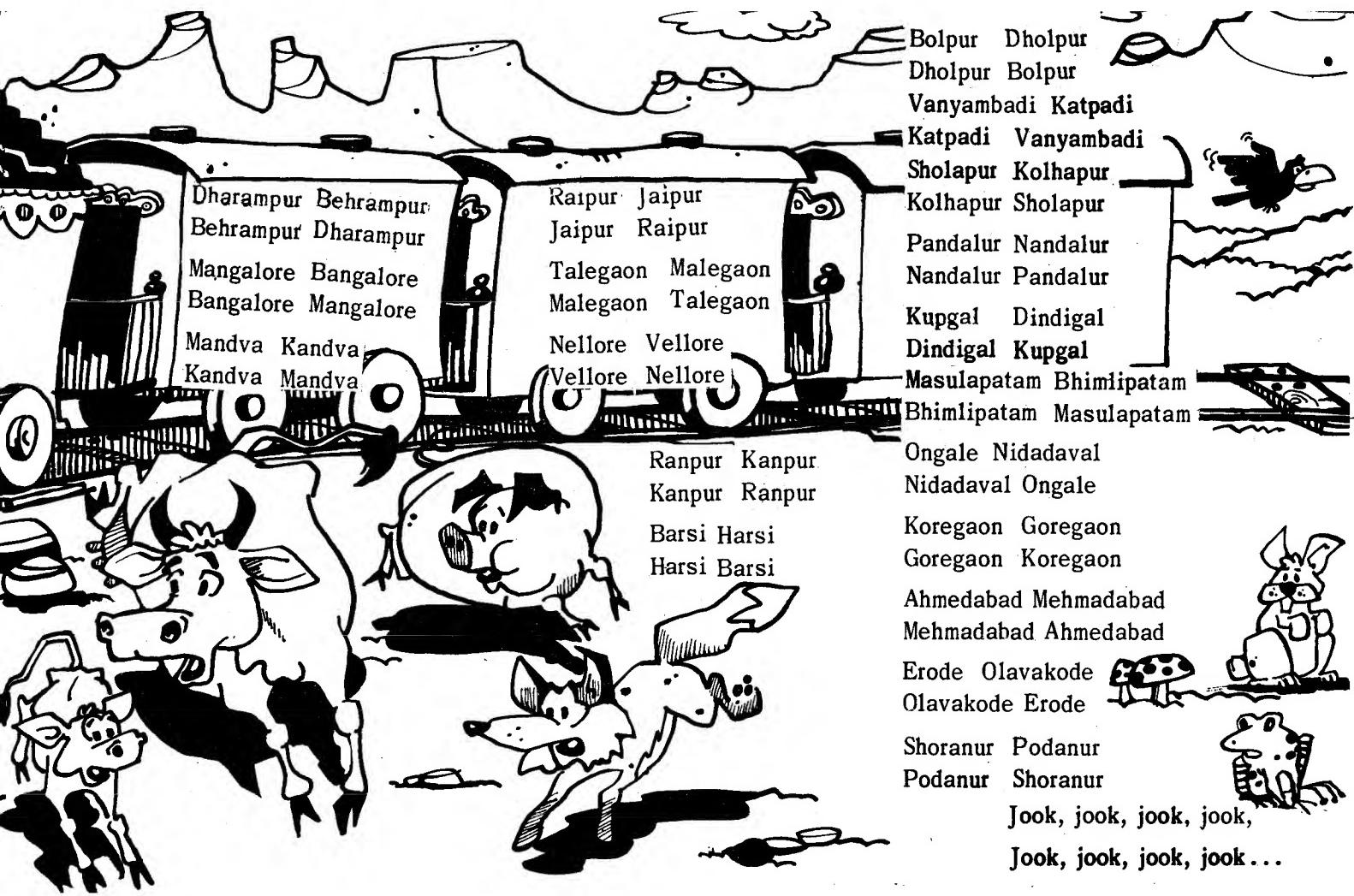
Wheel upon wheel!
Rattle and reel!
Rattle and reel!
Rattle and reel!

Giant of smoke and stubborn steel!

Reel and rattle!
Reel and rattle!
Tell us, is it
Off to a battle?
Reel and rattle,
Reel and rattle!

Tearing the air and frightening cattle!

How does it feel
To rattle and reel?
From there to here
From here to there
Frightening cattle and tearing the air.
From there to here
From here to there
To everywhere! To everywhere!



Bolpur Dholpur
Dholpur Bolpur
Vanyambadi Katpadi
Katpadi Vanyambadi
Sholapur Kolhapur
Kolhapur Sholapur
Pandalur Nandalur
Nandalur Pandalur
Kupgal Dindigal
Dindigal Kupgal
Masulapatam Bhimlipatam
Bhimlipatam Masulapatam

Ongale Nidadaval
Nidadaval Ongale

Koregaon Goregaon
Goregaon Koregaon

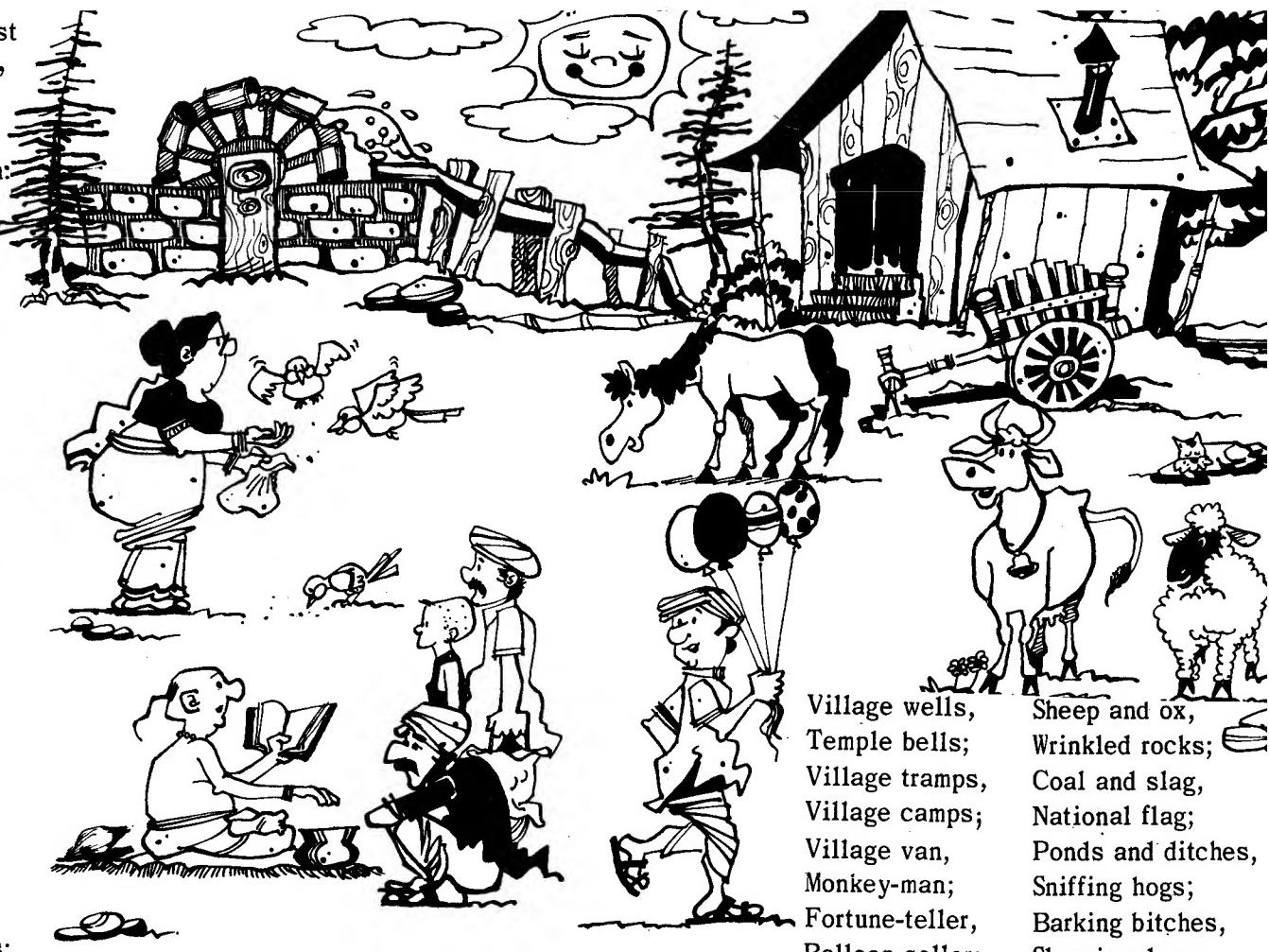
Ahmedabad Mehmabad
Mehmabad Ahmedabad

Erode Olavakode
Olavakode Erode

Shoranur Podanur
Podanur Shoranur

Jook, jook, jook, jook,
Jook, jook, jook, jook...

Swelling its chest
Without any rest,
Under the sky
It rattles by
It rushes through:
Koo-oo-ooo!
Ants and hills,
Water-mills;
Village schools,
Village pools;
Village yards,
Village bards.
Woman feeding
Little birds
Chirping loud.
Old man reading
Holy words
To a halting
Village-crowd.
Village marts,
Village carts;
Village ponies,
Village cronies;
Village stalls,
Broken walls;
Village fairs,
Mules and mares;



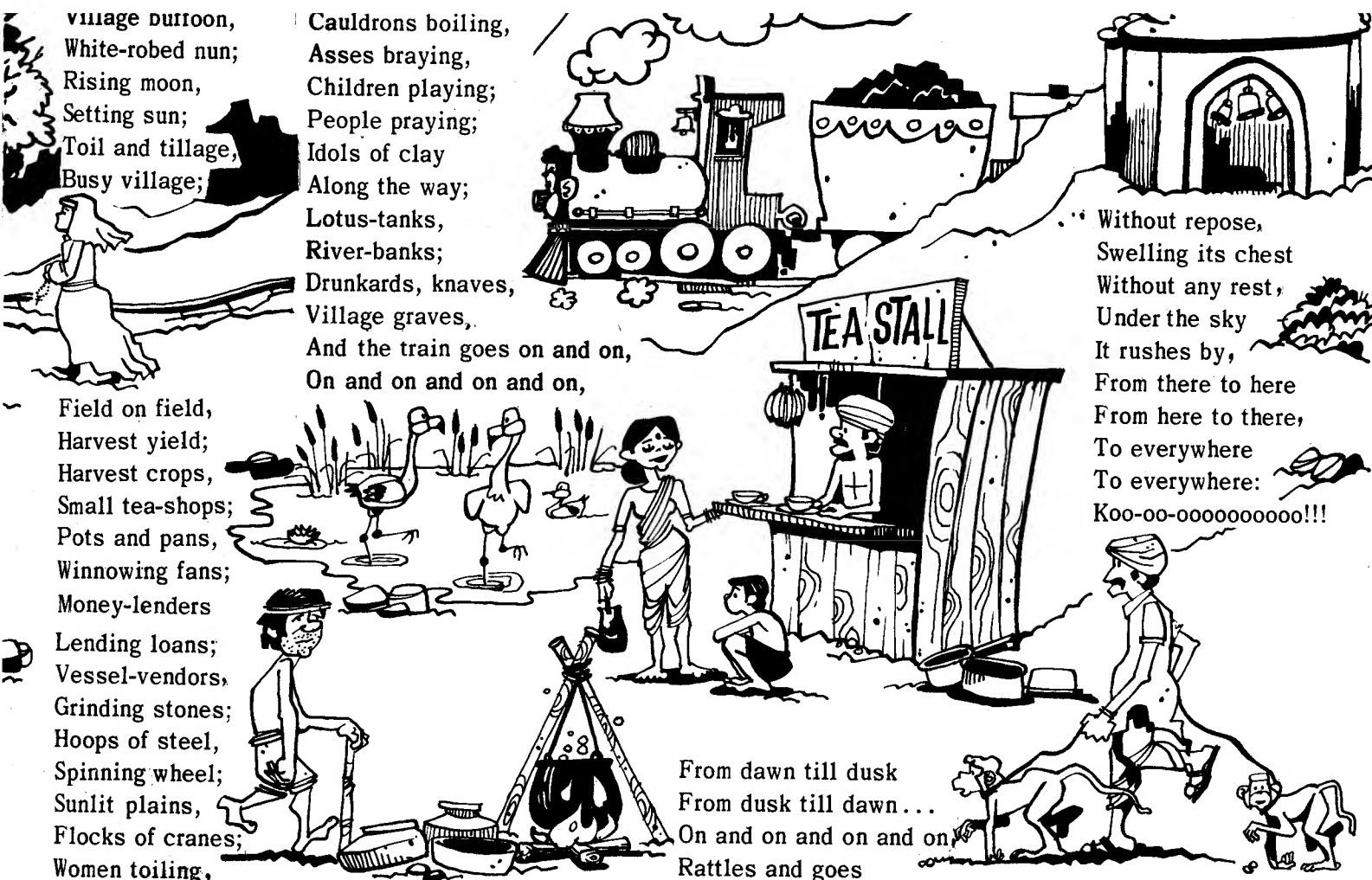
Village burroon,
White-robed nun;
Rising moon,
Setting sun;
Toil and tillage,
Busy village;

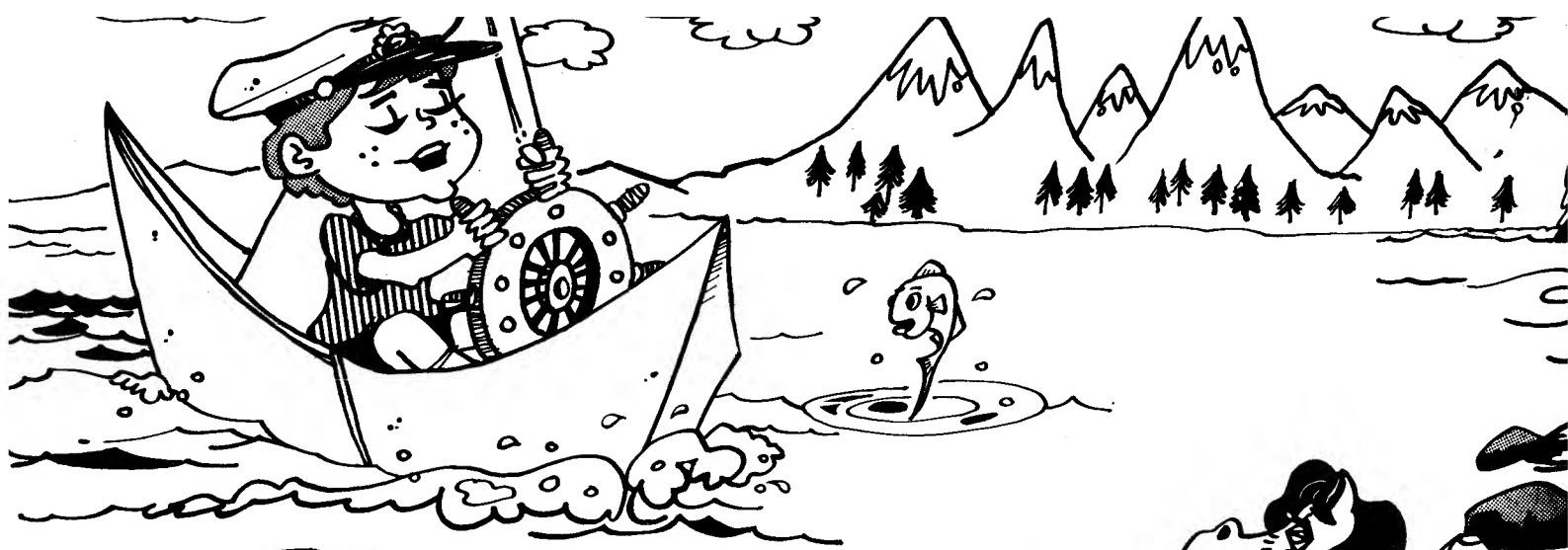
Cauldrons boiling,
Asses braying,
Children playing;
People praying;
Idols of clay
Along the way;
Lotus-tanks,
River-banks;
Drunkards, knaves,
Village graves,
And the train goes on and on,
On and on and on and on,

Field on field,
Harvest yield;
Harvest crops,
Small tea-shops;
Pots and pans,
Winnowing fans;
Money-lenders
Lending loans;
Vessel-vendors,
Grinding stones;
Hoops of steel,
Spinning wheel;
Sunlit plains,
Flocks of cranes;
Women toiling,

Without repose,
Swelling its chest
Without any rest,
Under the sky
It rushes by,
From there to here
From here to there,
To everywhere
To everywhere:
Koo-oo-ooooooooo!!!

From dawn till dusk
From dusk till dawn...
On and on and on and on
Rattles and goes





Voyage

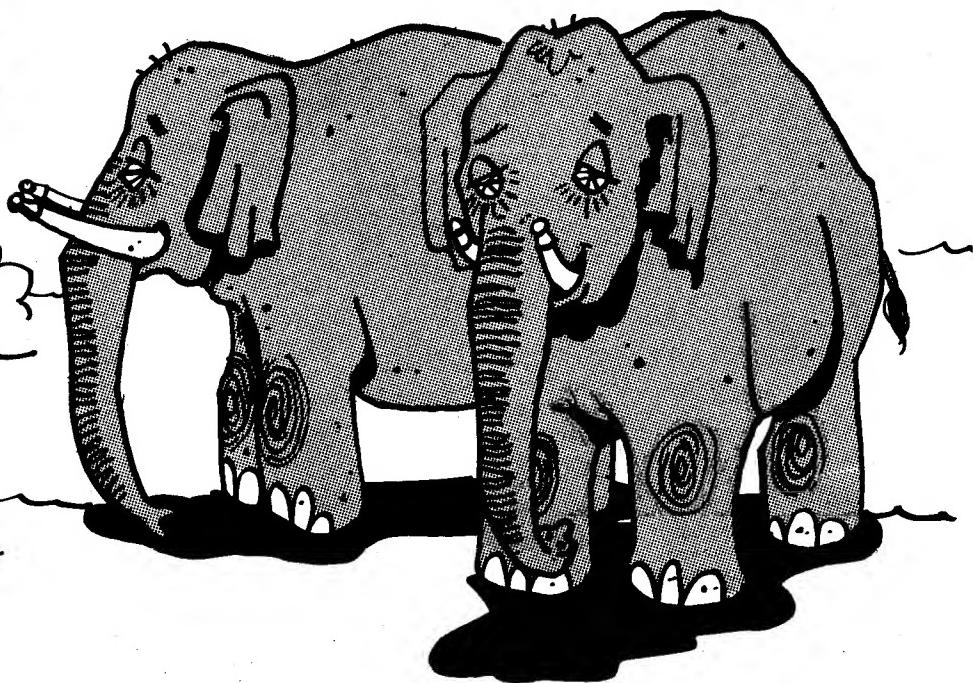
I'll make a pretty paper-boat
And float it on the pond,
I'll steer it all alone, alone,
And sail away beyond
The seven mountains, seven seas
Beyond the seven skies,
Until I reach the kingdom where
The mares have ruby eyes.





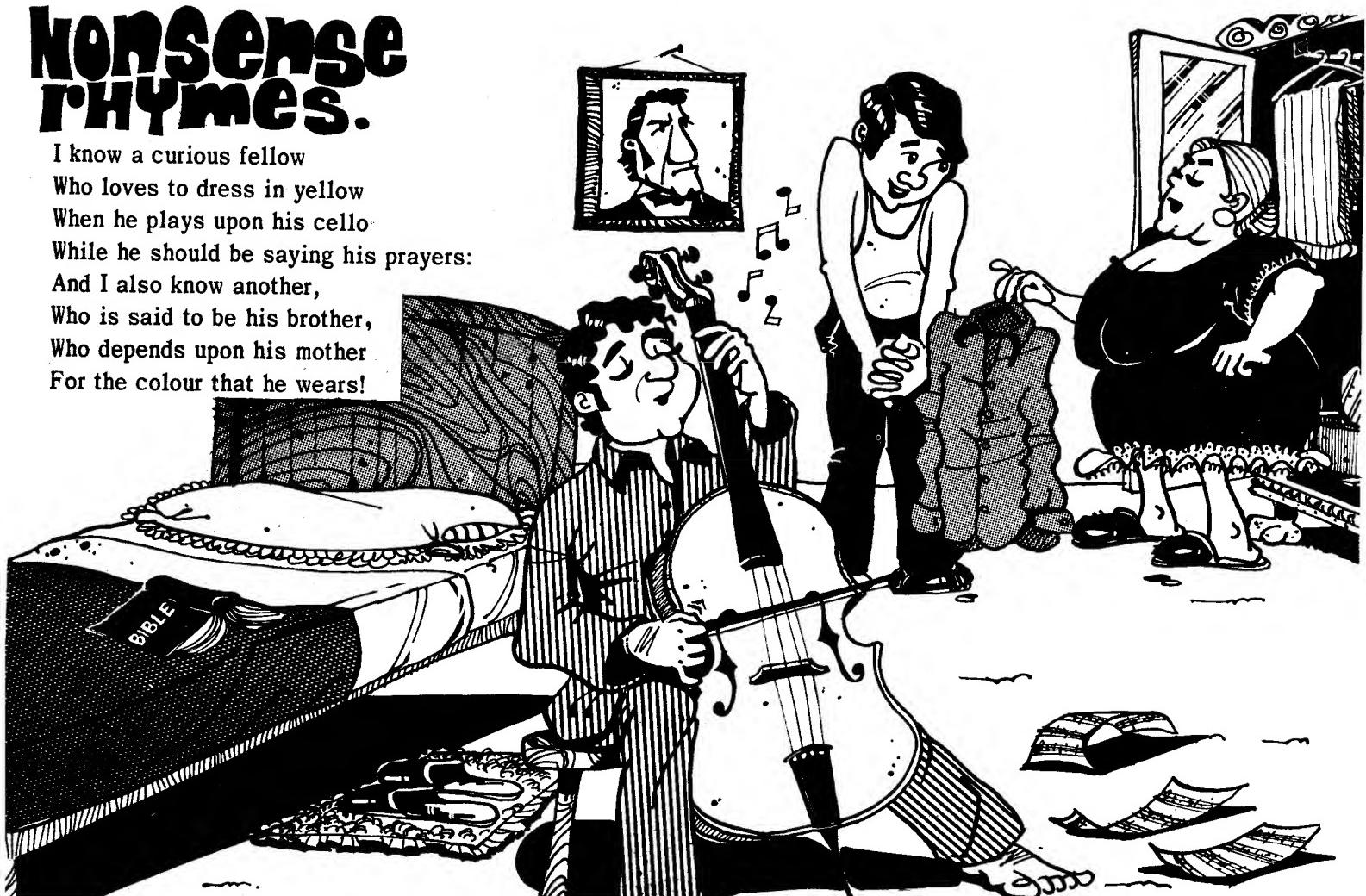
I'll make a **simple** paper-boat
And float it on the stream;
My paper boat will sail away
As softly as a dream,
Beyond the seven waterfalls
To the kingdom of the wise,
Where dreamy drowsy elephants
Have emeralds for eyes.

I'll make a lovely paper-boat
And float it on a lake,
Until I reach some distant shore
I will be wide-awake.
I'll pass beyond the seven worlds
To there where nothing dies,
Because its little children
Have heaven in their eyes.



Konsense RHymes.

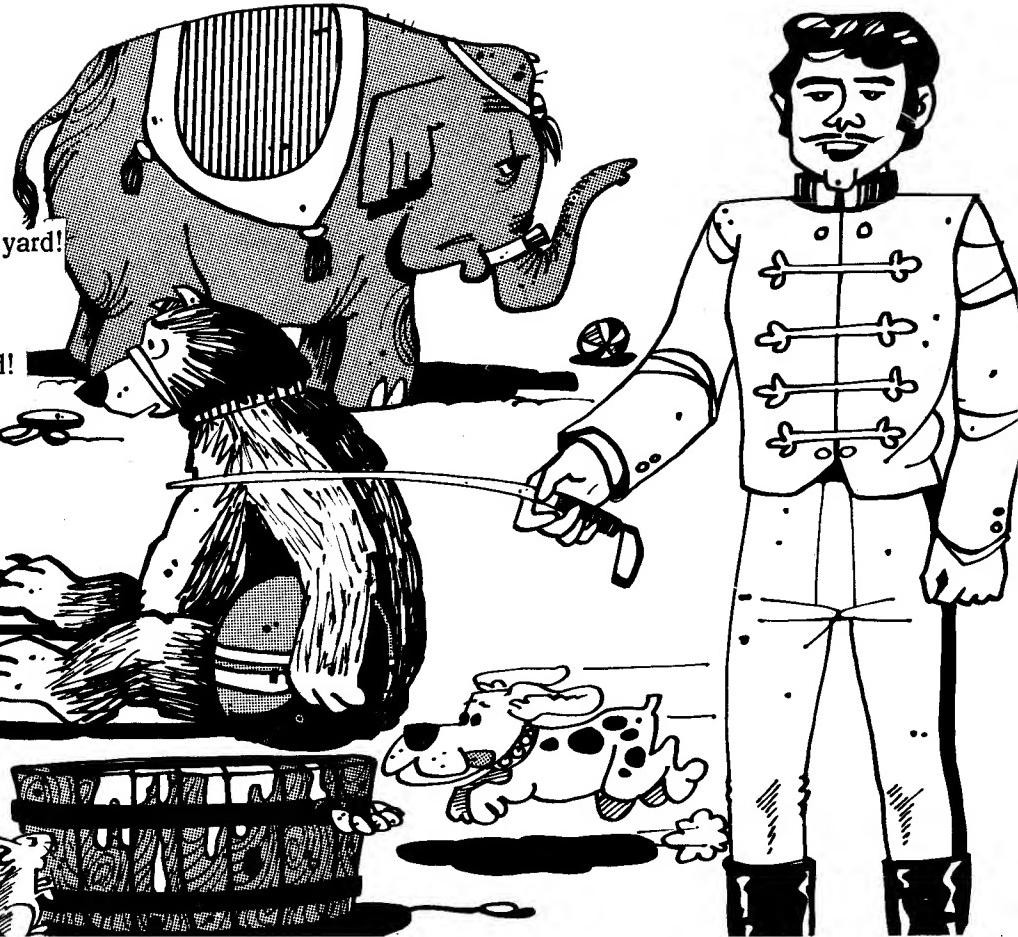
I know a curious fellow
Who loves to dress in yellow
When he plays upon his cello
While he should be saying his prayers:
And I also know another,
Who is said to be his brother,
Who depends upon his mother
For the colour that he wears!



CIRCUS

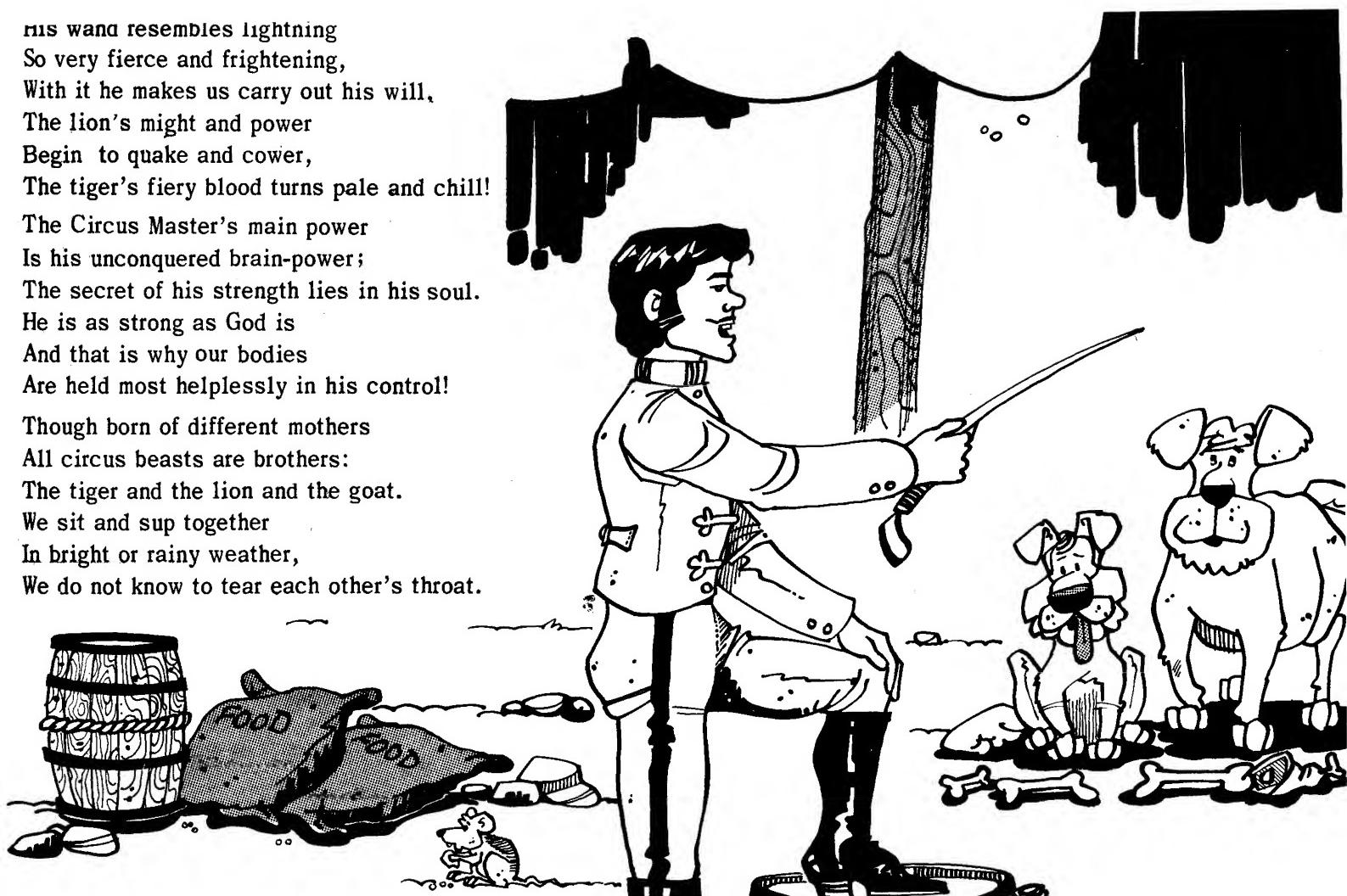
Our Master likes to work us
Said the animals of the circus –
He likes to work us very very hard!
He likes to hold and break us
With his cracking whip and make us
Shake at his wand which measures just a yard!

On costly food he feeds us
Just because our Master needs us
To perform a hundred feats before a crowd!
Obedient, uncomplaining
We undergo our training
Under the Master who is very proud!



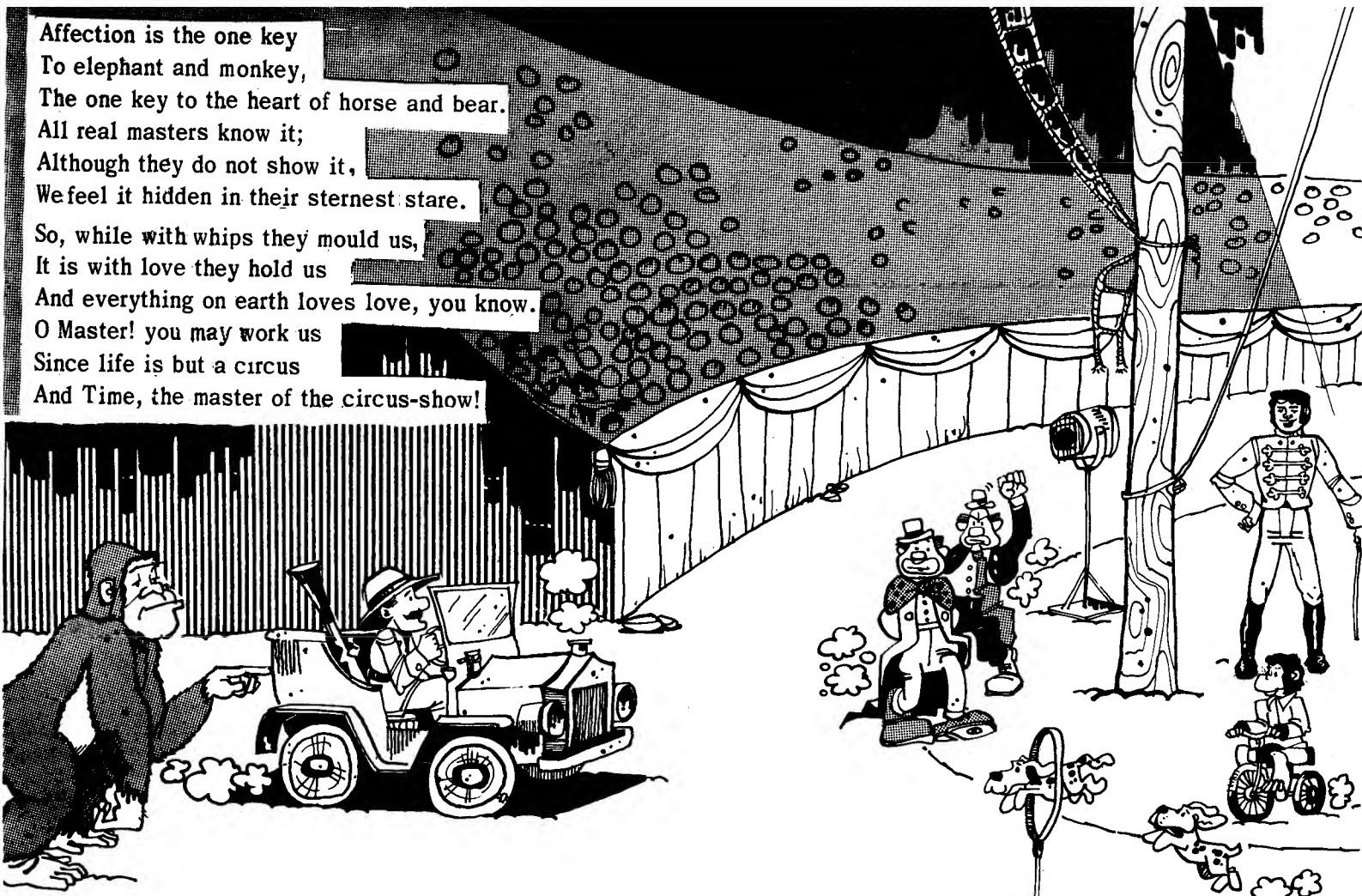
This wand resembles lightning
So very fierce and frightening,
With it he makes us carry out his will,
The lion's might and power
Begin to quake and cower,
The tiger's fiery blood turns pale and chill!
The Circus Master's main power
Is his unconquered brain-power;
The secret of his strength lies in his soul.
He is as strong as God is
And that is why our bodies
Are held most helplessly in his control!

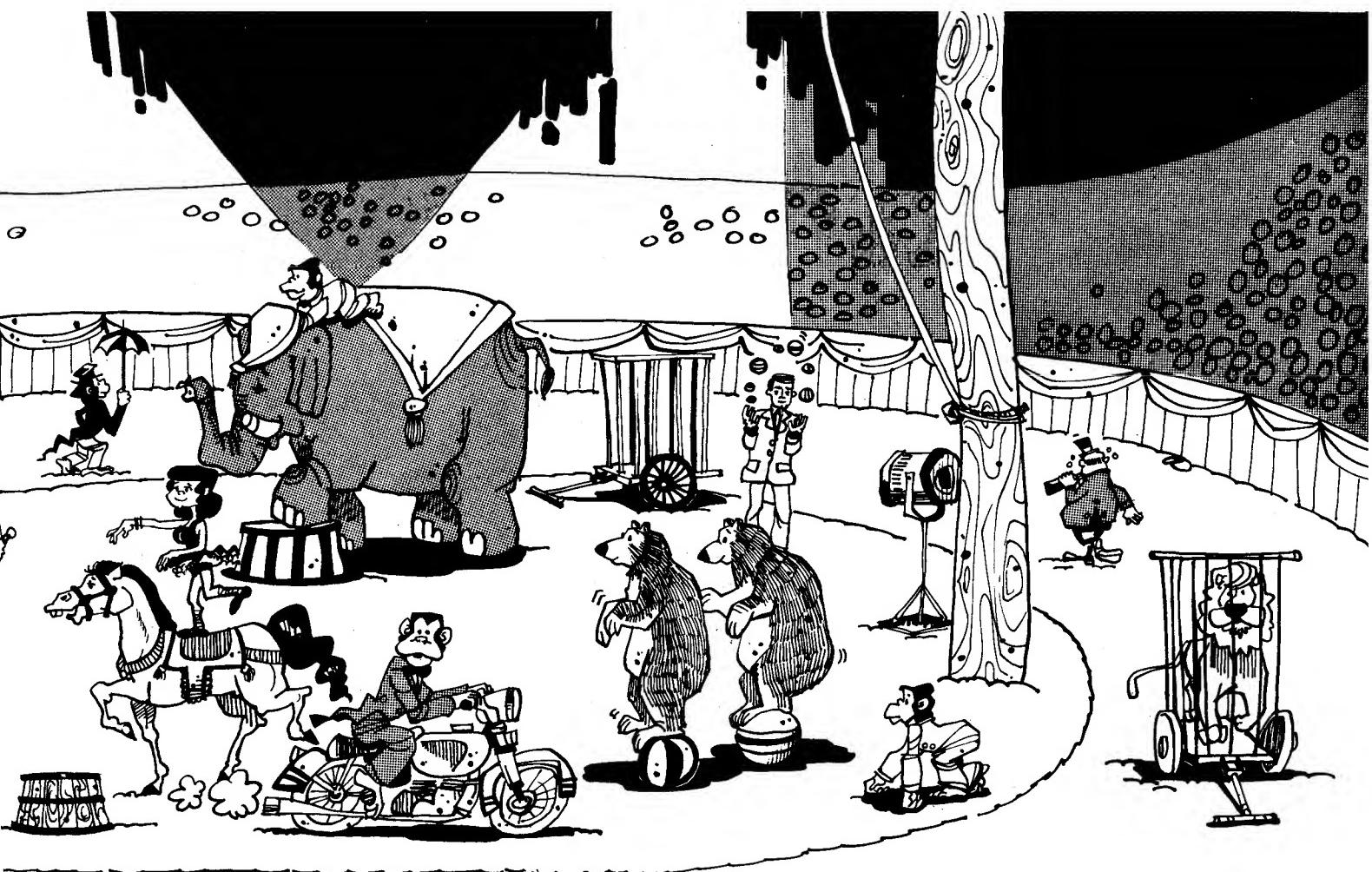
Though born of different mothers
All circus beasts are brothers:
The tiger and the lion and the goat.
We sit and sup together
In bright or rainy weather,
We do not know to tear each other's throat.





Affection is the one key
To elephant and monkey,
The one key to the heart of horse and bear.
All real masters know it;
Although they do not show it,
We feel it hidden in their sternest stare.
So, while with whips they mould us,
It is with love they hold us
And everything on earth loves love, you know.
O Master! you may work us
Since life is but a circus
And Time, the master of the circus-show!







Rain

I love the rain, the tinkling rain
When it comes twinkling down
Over the trees and over the house-tops
Here, in our tiny town.

I love the clouds, the cool grey clouds
When, overhead, they sail
Like a long fleet of silver ships
In a beautiful travel-tale.

I'm not afraid of the lightning,
I'm not afraid of the thunder
I'm not afraid of whistling winds:
Are you afraid, I wonder?